

JUDGE HARRIS DEAD

The Well-Known Macon Jurist Passes Away.

A LIFE THAT WAS WELL SPENT.

Other News of the Day in the Central City.

AN INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION FORMED

To Push Macon to the Front in an Industrial Way—The Macon and Dublin, K. of P. Installation.

Macon, Ga., January 22.—(Special)—Judge Charles J. Harris died this morning at 12:15 o'clock, at his home near Tenth square, in this city. The death of Judge Harris was a quiet and peaceful one, and he passed away surrounded by nearly all the members of his family. The deceased had been a sufferer from dyspepsia for a number of years and that was the main cause of his death. The funeral will occur tomorrow.

Judge Harris was born in November, 1833, in Milledgeville, and was the son of Judge Iverson L. Harris, associate justice of the supreme court of Georgia.

His boyhood was spent in Milledgeville where he attended college and graduated with distinction.

Shortly after attaining his majority he was admitted to the bar and moved to Macon, where he has since resided.

Here he became associated with Mr. San Hunter in the practice of law and the firm was one of the most successful in Macon.

Judge Harris was solicitor general of the Macon circuit for two terms and subsequently served as judge of the city court for eight years.

He entered the confederate army at the breaking out of the civil war and remained until the surrender, returning with the title of colonel.

Judge Harris has been the victim of acute dyspepsia for about twenty years, but only recently has he been confined at home.

His leaves a wife and eleven children.

His wife was a sister of a daughter of Colonel Charles M. Wiley and Mrs. James H. Blount.

Judge Harris's loss to the community is indeed a severe one.

For years he was a prominent and potent factor in politics, at one time representing Bibb county in the legislature.

He was a man extremely temperate in his habits and was very fond of domestic life.

As a lawyer he was held in high at the bar, and his decisions and opinions were highly valued by his brother lawyers.

Judge Harris was a member of the Masonic order, and will be interred with Masons.

In his death the city of Macon loses one of its most conservative, prominent and useful citizens; society an ornament, and bar a shining light.

The Macon and Dublin Road.

The stockholders of the Macon and Dublin Railroad Company met at Dublin on and received the formal officers, decided to extend the road to Atlanta, just as soon as practicable. There are fifty-four miles of the road built to date, and not a bond has been issued. It is proposed to bond the unconstructed portion for an amount sufficient to build the road to the city of Savannah, part of which has already been graded, and the portion to complete the road.

This will make a good highway on the road will be completed in less time than any one of the same in the state of Georgia.

Knights of Pythias Installation.

The public installation of officers of two lodges of Knights of Pythias, at the Academy of Music tomorrow evening, promises to be the grandest thing of kind ever seen in the city. Several elaborate scenes and the music will be a special feature of the exercises. This part of the programme will be in charge of Mr. A. L. Wood. The quartet consisting of Miss Matilda Lee Woodward, soprano; Miss Mary Rutherford, alto; Mr. T. S. L. Foster, tenor, and Mr. James M. McCord, bass, will sing three numbers. The first two "Te Deum and Gloria in Excelsis," are compositions of Mr. Wood, and will be sung for the first time on this occasion. The last number will be "The Star-Spangled Banner," Mr. Wood's first production, and will be in the usual excellent style of this quartet, whose artistic voices are well known to the people of Macon.

An Industrial Association.

It is proposed to form among the business men of Macon an industrial association, the object of which is to aid in the upbuilding of the manufacturing interests of the city. It is proposed to make the capital of the association \$100,000, divided into shares of \$10 each, for twelve months, less the interest earned during the period of payment. Mr. Henry Horne, a man of large means and enterprising proposes to invest \$1,000, and a tract of twenty acres of land suitable for manufacturing sites. The stock will be invested in manufacturing enterprises, the limit of investment being \$10,000, in the stock of an eligible corporation. It is hoped that the will have a good influence in the upbuilding of the industrial interests of the city ad fill the place of a long felt want. The scheme receives the encouragement of the best business men of the city and promises to be one of the leading enterprises of the city.

A BATTLE WITH A WILDCAT.

The Stilla River bank the scene of a lively

encounter.

Waynesboro, Ga., January 22.—(Special)—A wild cat was the cause of great excitement in a neighborhood on the Stilla river last night. John Stevens brought the news here this morning. It was about 8 o'clock when the cat entered the door of one of the neighbors. The man ran to the sight of the wild cat and shot it on the rock and got his gun. The cat stood in the door several seconds and gave several frightful screams. The man aimed his gun at the cat and fired, missing the cat. A second shot was fired and the cat ran out of the house. The man followed him and shot him at his throat. The gun was used to keep the cat off. The barrel was emptied, the contents entering the cat's shoulder. The scene

was a quiet marriage near Grinn.

Griffin, Ga., January 22.—(Special)—Captain W. N. Hartnett, for many years a prominent man in business circles here, was found dead in his bed at Flat Shoals.

Miss Dora Bernier, Mrs. John D. Stewart, of this city, officiating.

Captain Hartnett is well known among business men in Atlanta and Savannah, who will hear of his matrimonial relations with a pleasant and cordial smile.

The bride is a young lady of beauty and culture who is well calculated to adorn the home of her lord, which by the way, is one of those old-time southern mansions built by the Freemans and Stanleys, who were

the original owners of Flat Shoals property.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartnett and his bride have

hosts of friends here who congratulate them.

The News from Clarkston.

Clarkston, Ga., January 22.—(Special)—Sledding, snowballing and rabbit hunting have been the order of the day since the beginning of the snow season.

The weather of last week, resulting from the attempt of burglar to break into several houses has quieted since the capture of one of the burglars a few nights since with a load of stolen goods in his possession. After considerable maneuvering the negro was put in a car box and was taken by Marshal to the Decatur jail. There are several charges against him and he will probably be sent up for a number of years.

Mr. J. G. Vaughan has received a telegram from New Orleans stating that his brother, S. J. Daniel, is dead. Mr. Daniel had many friends in Atlanta, who will learn of his sudden death with sorrow. Mr. Daniel's father was sheriff of Fulton county for some years.

The little babe of Mr. Zeka McCrary,

son shot was fired at the cat, but it missed him. The man gave himself up for lost. His wife and children were waiting in the house to meet him to go in the house. The cat made another spring at him, was knocked down with the gun. The excitement was almost too much for the man; he was weak and trembling. Several attempts were made by the cat to reach the throat of the man, but the man received several scratches on his shoulders and arms. The battle was now begun in earnest. The gun was used to keep the cat off, but the cat succeeded in conflicting some bad wounds on different parts of the man's body. One of the men who was a burglar was trying to break in the man's house and he got his gun and went over to the place. Arriving at the house, he found his neighbor badly used by the cat. The man was very much exhausted and was unable to move. The burglar received a shot from the heart of the cat, another entered the brain. There was a short, but fierce struggle with death and the wildcat was dead. The wounded man is getting well.

A JUDGE'S LIVELY EXPERIENCE.

A Tramp Enters His House and Pulls a Razor on Him.

Albany, Ga., January 22.—(Special)—Just after church today a tramp of German nationality walked boldly into the front hall of Judge W. T. Jones's residence on Pine street and asked Mrs. Jones for a quarter. She was disposed to give him the money, but Judge Jones coming on the scene just at that time, objected, and the tramp looked to be an able-bodied man.

The tramp used some very insulting language, stating that he intended to have the money at all hazards.

Provoked by his insults, Judge Jones called him down and had him arrested. With that the tramp jumped back, drew a razor and cut off his pinstripe jacket in the tramp's face. As he was about to shoot his wife and children, who were on the scene, cried to him not to do it.

The tramp, seeing his opportunity, took away and made good his escape. The wife and children were after him, but they have not yet caught him.

Judge Jones is judge of the county court, and if that vagrant is caught the judge will probably give him the limit which is a day's pay and a quarter of a dollar.

The vagrant is a man of average height, brown hair, blue eyes, and a very good escape. The wife and children are after him, but they have not yet caught him.

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6ZAR MAKING.

Through the assassination of his father by the bombs of the nihilists, the present czar, Alexander III, of Russia, succeeded to the throne in March, 1881; but it was not till more than two years later that his majesty was crowned with unparalleled pomp.

In no circumstances could the "autocrat of all the Russias," as he is officially styled, afford to dispense with a ceremony intended to bring home to the minds of his subjects, in the most vivid manner, the heaven-appointed nature of his high functions and inheritance; and the unusual length of the interval that was allowed to elapse between his accession and his coronation was only due to grief at the loss of his father, as well as to nervousness about the possibility of a similar fate for himself, should he expose his person too much. But in the days of his mourning and his moaning passed away, and the 26th of May, 1883, was fixed for his solemn coronation in the cathedral church of the Assumption, within the walls of the Kremlin, or Palatine hill, so to speak, of Moscow.

Every country has its coronation city, which does not invariably correspond with its present capital, as witness, for example, Drontheim, in Norway; Rheims, in France; Scone, in Scotland, and Konigsberg in Prussia, and in the case of Russia this city is Moscow, the ancient cradle and seat of the czars.

But where is Moscow? In Europe or in Asia? All the maps certainly assign it to Europe; but a walk through the streets of this ancient and enchanting city, this head-center and stronghold of Pan-Slavism, makes the visitor doubt whether he has not already crossed the Asiatic line. For Moscow carries the imagination far to the east. What are its darkly garbed inhabitants; its green and golden minarets and domes; its whitewashed stones; its emerald roofs, its myriad temples and its thousand towers.

This was the city into which the present czar, coming from St. Petersburg, made his triumphal entry, a few days before the date of his coronation, and rarely, or never, perhaps, in all history, had a more gorgeous open-air pageant been seen.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold was nothing to it; and it was only rivaled, though perhaps not quite so far, by Queen Victoria's jubilee procession to Westminster Abbey, with a crowd of a hundred princes and other magnates in their train.

The great white czar's retinue, too, was made up of all the rulers and governments of the civilized world in the persons of their special ambassadors, who were sent at very great expense to honor the coronation, the English, of course, alone, with all the housing and entertainments, costing as much as \$6,000. The fêtes themselves, and all the incidents of imperial hospitality, must have occasioned the czar himself an outlay of several million rubles, or as much as would have sufficed to clothe his army, or save his people from famine.

But every more sumptuous and magnificent than the embassies of the old and new worlds, which figured in the triumphal entry of the great white czar, comes from the Asiatic tribes about its contract tribute to his sway—Cal-

ifornia, the broad principle of Khivans, and the denizens of the powerful Kum and the Kara Kum, a few individuals, in the banks of the Jaxartes and the Amudar, robbing warriors from the far contracting of their road, in all the gorgeous splendor; whether of their picturesquely costumed, between the mighty monarch whose sway of the world from the amber-yielding shores of the Baltic to the ice-bound straits of the Bosphorus.

On passed the procession and a never ceasing roar of chimes from the immense multitudes which lined the route, the booming of guns and the deafening clangor of all the city bells, a most dazzling and kaleidoscopic cavalcade, relieved at intervals by the gorgeous processions of the emperors and the other ladies of the imperial family and court, each drawn by beautiful and richly caparisoned steeds; and in the center of all the mighty czar himself, tall, yet not terrible, in shining panoply of war, or a prancing battle charger, but meek and lowly looking in his simple dark-green uniform and sheep-skin cap, on a snow-white palfrey, the picture of Spencer's "very perfect, gentle knight," with a pleased and gracious smile on this, the proudest and most memorable day of his life.

The next day was devoted to the consecration of the imperial standard, prior to the czar swearing military allegiance to it, in the trophy room of the Kremlin

name "Alexander Alexandrovitch," it could only be compared to the modulated roar of a lion. After the consecration the imperial family filed before the altar, kissing the cross and the hands of the priest who bore it.

This was a private ceremony, but on the following morning the outer court of the Kremlin was crowded with visitors from Moscow to witness the solemn proclamation by cuirassier-escorted heralds and pursuivants, gorgeously arrayed in cavalier hats of crimson with variegated plumes, satin mantles of gold, gilded spurs. King pictures of Princes Augustus and Rupert of the Rhine, the solemn proclamation, ubi et orbis, of the forthcoming coronation, "to the end that on this auspicious day all the subjects of his majesty may send up to the King of Kings their fervent prayers and implore the Almighty One to extend the favor of his blessing to the reign of his majesty, to the maintenance of peace and tranquility,

from the magnificent voices of the choristers, who take the place of organs in the Greek church. But the chanting of their hymn was almost drowned by the bellow-like murmur of the vast crowds outside, for the court yards of the Kremlin presented one stirring sea of human beings, who had come to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the new-crowned czar. And they had hours to wait, for the ceremony was long and elaborate.

How gaudily picturesque looked the group of the imperial family and their illustrious guests as they stood ranked up near the throne of Edinburgh. There among others, the tall and soldierly Prince Albert of Prussia, of him a fighting lion of Montenegro, and the aristocratic-looking Duke of Bulgaria, a decided touch of the old Teutonic in him, and not yet in the bad of his cousin, the czar; there, also, the recent captor of Tel-el-Kebir, and not very far off the hand-some General Skobelev, the hero of the Tchernigov and the Shipka pass and the conqueror of Khiva.

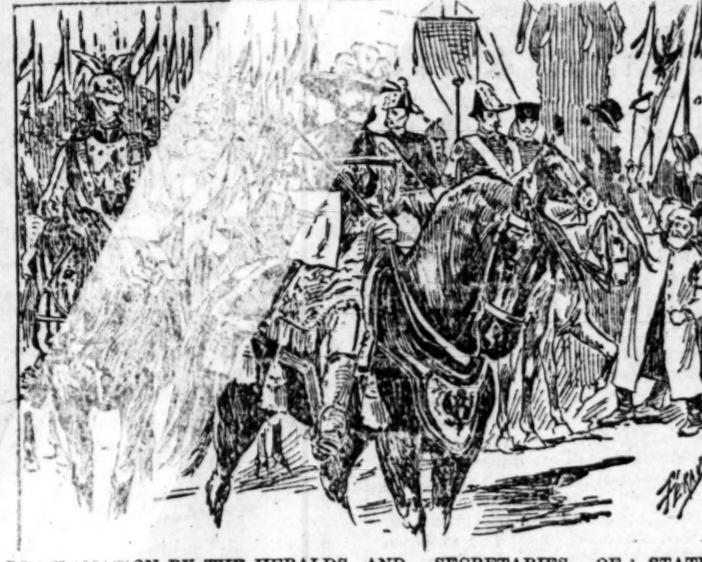
The empress was arrayed in a sweeping robe of silver, so heavy as to fatigue her, while the emperor wore the dark-

banquets in the halls of the Kremlin, the brilliant balls, the grand performances at the opera, one of the largest in Europe, the ambassadorial entertainments, the military spectacles, and, last of all, the vast popular fete on the plain of Petrovsky, when hundreds of thousands of the czar's poorest subjects were treated to "panem et circenses"—food, drink and frolic, on a scale that would probably even have astonished the indulgent masters of imperial Rome.

But I think the prettiest and most touching scene of all was the last, when after a long period of so much revelry and excitement, their imperial majesties returned to the Kasan cathedral to offer thanks to the Almighty for all the mercies accorded to them in Moscow—to the Kasan cathedral, of which the entrance was guarded, not by crowds of soldiery, but by a white-robed and silver-threaded throng of school children.

From the Kasan cathedral their majesties drove to the island fortress church of Saints Peter and Paul to worship before the tomb of Alexander II, where burns perpetual taper fire, and thence by water to Peterhof, their favorite suburban retreat on the breezy shore of the gulf of Finland, with enough to think about for many years to come.

FINANCIAL

Central Railroad
—AND—
Banking Company
—OF—
GEORGIA.

PROCLAMATION BY THE HERALDS

and SECRETARIES OF STATE
green and gold-embroidered uniform of a general with riding boots, and the chain of St. Andrew, the patron saint alike of Scotland and Russia, sparkling on his breast. Slightly bald, but taller by a good head than any of his great officers of state, after him, was Alexander III, while his shoulders were broad, his chest deep, his limbs long, and he looked as if he could with ease bear heavy armor, altogether a most uncommon and impressive figure.

Outside the embattled walls of the city, richly ringed with the colored crests of all the provinces of Russia, the proclamation ceremony was again gone through, and away again for the purpose of repeating the dazzling pageant at some of the chief barriers, gates and public places, away moved the shining company of gigantic cuirassiers with their eagle-crested helmets and dancing lance points, looking for all the world like a departing train of crusading knights. But were not all these fêtes and functions veritable remnants of the middle ages? Yes, truly, for it is still

made up of all the rulers and governments of the civilized world in the persons of their special ambassadors, who were sent at very great expense to honor the coronation, the English, of course, alone,

with all the housing and entertainments, costing as much as \$6,000. The fêtes themselves, and all the incidents of imperial hospitality, must have occasioned the czar himself an outlay of several million rubles, or as much as would have sufficed to clothe his army, or save his people from famine.

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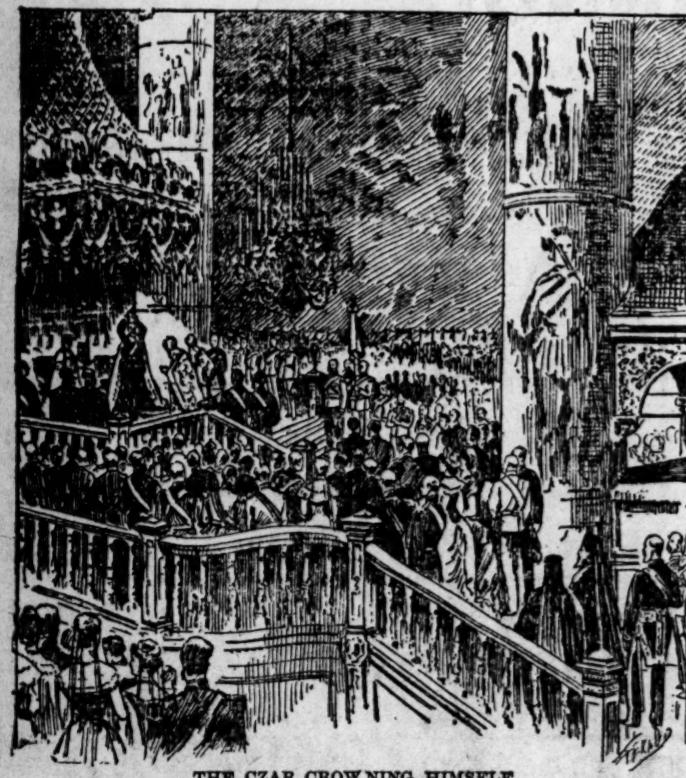
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THE CZAR CROWNING HIMSELF.

Since history, the cathedral of the Assumption was well calculated to be the scene of the august ceremony by which, in the name of the King of Kings, Alexander of Russia, with his Danish consort, Marie Frederique, received formal ratification of his claim to be sole and absolute ruler of more than a hundred millions of his fellow men.

And again at night the city went almost mad with monarchial joy. Moscow burned again for the second time, burned as it had never done since the days of the first Napoleon, blazed with illuminations which made it look more like a city of variegated fire than a city of stone, and which could only have been described by a poet dipped in rainbow colors.

And then, what pen could have given an adequate notion of the fêtes and functions which followed? The sumptuous

Meanwhile the cannon and the bells without had been mingling their accents of announcement and felicitation, and the tedious hours wore on with their hymn-singings, their performance of high mass, their prayers, and their anointing of their majesties with the consecrating oil.

At last, arrayed in all their imperial pomp, their majesties emerged from the cathedral by a door different from that by which they entered, and passed along to another church under a gorgeous canopy, Alexander III, showed himself to a mighty concourse of his acclaiming subjects as their crowned and consecrated ruler, emperor and autocrat of all the Russians, by inheritance, by divine right, and by heavenly unction. The solemn strains of the national anthem, the joyful pealing of the bells, the thunder of the sea of spectators, and the loud and continued cheers, all produced a scene that can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

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ALL AFTER THEM
SNELLING'S
SCHOOL SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

500 pairs Goat and Calf Button Shoes, sole leather, counter and tip, heel and spring heel shoes, worth \$2, now go at \$1.25. This is a great school shoe for boys and girls.

Misses' dongola Button Boots, heel and spring heel, worth \$1.50, now \$1.25. Misses' fine dongola patent tip, spring heel, button worth, \$1.75, now \$1.25. Children's fine dongola Button Shoes 8 to 11, 60c. Children's fine dongola Button, patent tip, 75c to \$1.

Infants' Button Shoes, 2 to 4, 25c. Child's goat, spring heel Button, 4 to 8, 40c.

Ladies' dongola Button Shoes, the \$1.25 kind, only 85c.

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DIAGNOSES OF HELL.

What the Do-Hellites Think of the Plenary Doctrine.

SOME THEOLOGICAL INTERPRETATIONS

Interesting Interviews with a Roman Catholic and a Methodist Divine—If They Are Right About—Look Out!

Is there a hell?

If there is, what is it? These are eternal questions. They have engaged the attention and excited the discussion of mankind for many ages and seem likely still to do so until the end of time.

Men are self-consciousness that they are compound creatures, each a union of soul and body. Physical facts convince them that the body after death returns to the material elements of which it is composed.

What becomes of the soul? And by "soul" is meant the entire concept of spirituality—the whole of man that is not

actually and essentially material.

All theologies, except that which has a

pure track record of annihilation of de-

mented souls, teach that the soul is immor-

tal and its eternal ultimatum is found in

either of two destinies—in the realm of everlasting bliss or hell of endless misery.

It is this "hell of endless misery" that

causes men to feel honestly bewildered or

assume that they are revolted by its

tortuous horrors and injustice.

The preachers are continually "having a

time" with individuals and bodies of men

belonging to both classes. To the honest

doubt they are arraying all the scriptural

pretexts and logical deductions that go

to verify the orthodox idea of a "prepared

hell" of unquenchable fire and unmiti-

gated agonies into which the guilty souls

must be plunged and where they

must suffer forever and ever!

To the contentious who flatly deny the

existence of any such brimstone bourn and

who voice their hoarse horror of "such a

hell as any God could devise" it they

know nothing further than the creed of

the Christian church from its foundation.

But the dour and shouters argue that

the theologians are mistaken in their

interpretations both of the character of God

and of his revelation. They hold that he

is too good and loving to operate such a

hell and inflict such tortures upon His

creations.

What I am trying to get at is this thing,

first:

Why do not the preachers, who so per-

sistently preach hell, agree upon some dis-

tinguished proposition as to what hell is?

And if it supercusses upon the souls of man?

The absence of any such agreement with

theologians is a fact which the reporters

assail that assault the doctrine as any other

that affects man's thoughts upon the

subject. For the theologians it can be

verifiedly proven to have advertised to the

great congregations every type of hell,

from the Garden of Eden to the

hell of infants with a span long bobbing

and of meditation in which the sinner sits

simply to assault the past and feel the

sight of having failed to get to heaven.

That the hell of the preachers is not a mere

fancy. The other day one of the most emi-

nent citizens of Atlanta said to the writer:

"Go to church and I am constantly ad-

vised to repeat to be damned; warned

that if I am not a hell-hound, then it is

nothing, in fact, but the bald assertion

that if I do not, they say I will go hell."

To satisfy such natural inquiries in some

measure, if possible, I approached many

of the theologians in Atlanta. Many of

those who were invited to contribute their

interpretations evidenced a reluctance to

have the pushing of specific inquiries. They

had no objection to the reporters and all

the canons of the scriptures and to that

wise prudence which would have

to make use of heaven without wasting time

on speculations about hell. This advice on

the part of the average preacher is con-

sidered common sense, if not wholly conclu-

sive against the wisdom of further investi-

gation.

Knowing that if anybody of religious

honor moves firmly than all others to the

complete and categorical concept of hell it

is the great Roman Catholic communion.

Rev. Father A. B. Quinn, who is the

present pastor of St. Joseph's church in

Atlanta, was asked to elucidate the hell pre-

acher as he, for the church, interprets it. He

said, "I am a hell?"

Yes; he can tell a dogma of Cathol-

icism, and he does not

employ the word Hades but in a single in-

stance and Gehenna not at all, and yet he

was not slow to emphasize the doctrine

of future and endless retribution upon the

souls of the damned.

Jesus Christ, also, proclaims this

truth. It is in harmony with the teaching

of the Master, the good man.

Reason tells us that there is

a God who will punish sin. Now, as all

must, therefore be in place where every

mortal sin, not atoned for by reparation

during this life, will be punished in the

next place, and that place is hell.

All nations, where the shadow of death

and those not possessing the light of

revelation, believed this. Men who believe

in hell acknowledge that their

belief is only a doubt without any solid

evidence, as well as a scriptural basis.

The existence of hell is

firmly established in the sacred

scriptures, tradition, right, reason, and the

universal belief of all ages and nations.

"How is there place or state of eternal and

dreadful torment, where every evil

and good man, good and bad, is

to be punished for his sins?"

The good man, the

the bad man, the

the neutral man, the

the sinner, the saint, the

the good, the bad, the neutral, the

the neutral, the good, the bad, the neutral,

